For Tomorrow We May Die

Goths and their absinthe.

Grasping the lapels of my well-worn corduroy jacket and curling her fingers towards her for an unshakable grip, she coos warm, purposefully directly in my face, breathing an exotic and strong mix of herbs and mint in my nostrils.

"You've done enough, soldier. Your voice is cracking and if someone wanting doesn't lay her claim and sink her black fingernails into you you're going to get yourself arrested and beaten and disappeared, blue eyes or not."

She is half a head shorter than me, black lining her lips and eyes. Pulling her fists closer to her bosom, which is accentuated by being barely held back by not enough black velour, her intentions of drawing me nearer have a similar but opposite effect, nestling instead her body completely against mine. Looking from my perspective, we would be nearly kissing if her now even more overflowing breasts weren't prodigiously in the way. My jacket is being held apart, allowing the heat of her body to penetrate my damp t-shirt and thin black dress slacks scored from a homeless shelter. Someone behind is pushed into us as the agents' plastic riot shields surge forward, only to be taken several yards back by a bombardment of urine filled balloons. We are in danger of being crushed against a concrete stairway if another wave is more successful. Scooping my right forearm under her ass and lifting while she again emanates a dove-like sound, black booted calves are planted firmly against my thighs. Leading a charge with my left shoulder, the world in view loses all color save greyscale. Rudely brushing off anything in our path, swerving to miss a thin tree planted in the middle of the sidewalk - almost, I actually hit it and roll around its trunk - burning embers of material streak groundward in front of my steps. Several bright flashes of crowd control grenades burn our shadows in multiple places indelibly. Parked cars and plate glass storefronts become embossed with our presences. We are movie stars before color hit celluloid. This is a horror film, a spine tingler, a thriller of international fame, but we are the protagonists, even though she is vampire and I am an alien.

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Less than an hour later, we are in her bare wood floored apartment over a liquor store. The elderly woman running the establishment below reigned supreme over a stock of exquisite choices for the most discerning palate.

A seventy dollar blue tinted bottle of La Clandestine accompanied with the shiny metal device designed for melting sugar cubes into the glasses of one hundred and ten proof alcohol. Obligatory sugar cubes. A hand-sized wax sealed wheel of heavily mesquite smoked Gouda cheese. A thick bar of ninety percent cocoa chocolate,

formulated with chili peppers, vanilla, and annatto in the spirit of the Aztecs, orangish-tinged. A bottle of Don Begino amontillado sherry - the proper dry sort. Four dark bottles of ale crafted by monks in monasteries in two different countries. A pack of Black Devil and a pack of Dunhill cigarettes.

We shop one handed each - she not letting me go and I not letting her boots hit the ground - requiring multiple trips to the sales counter. Our proprietor is perfect in her role in our chilling theater drama, unmistakably conspiring overtly with that which has claimed another victim. Sliding my PayPal card into the electronic reader, the shopkeep's reflection in the mirrored glass behind the shelves betrays her. She is illusory. There is nothing there at all. No one exists anymore but myself and the self that has chosen its path resting on the counter, bundling our bounty.

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Candles with recessed wicks cast the pallor of dried blood on our scene, the only source of illumination other than our own paired searching for truth. All of the previously mentioned packages are opened and partially drained of their contents. The obsessive audio engineer in me has repositioned her stereo speakers - beautiful vintage Wharfdales - in the most opportune locations for our listening pleasure. Dead Can Dance is stimulating our auditory nerves. I am sliding down the church pew she appropriated from the ruins of a cathedral that burned decades ago in her hometown. Thick woven tapestries depicting medieval stained glass designs adorn the rough, hand troweled stucco walls. My head is tilted to the side, making my smile a vertical showing of approval. Tracing my exaggerated gaze to its destination - the line of dark public hair exposed where her dress has fallen to the side - my huntress rolls back on the floor and removes the obstruction to my view, tossing the uncomfortable looking lacy things to a shadowy blackness beyond flickering tongues' reach. I am barefoot and shirtless and have been since we entered her dominion, metal pendant shaped as a grinning skull wearing over the ear headphones glinting fiery in her black pools of eyes. Continuing to slide down the ages worn confessional bench, feeling its rolled edge massage each muscle covering my vertebrae, I unclasp my belt and slide out of my oversized trousers, bare knees hitting the floor and ankles shrugging off their former trappings. The body before me is motionless throughout my transformation. I am no longer a man and she is no longer a woman. We are that which the heresies on the walls warned parishioners of in centuries past. I am of another Earthen source than this one and she is unending hunger and ruthless victory.

Curling my arms under her, her seat is no longer the chill planks but my thighs, my almost painfully erect penis positioned horizontally underneath her, slickness painting my curved shaft as the head tickles between her cheeks inches past her asshole. She is pulsing, gutteral mmmms, animalistic full lung blasts of explosive breaths escaping in punctuative bursts between the sliding of our mouths against each other. My fingers form hard cups that dig into her shoulders and back lower

and lower, kneading knots away, kneading resistance away, kneading until my subject is pleading with her thrusting intentions, legs spread farther and farther, digging motions desperately trying to slip me inside of her. Using inertia, I balance us both on my feet briefly as I cushion the back of her head with one hand and the base of her spine with the other. One more demanding gyration and she has succeeded.

"Ugh! Uuaaaggh!"

I am holding her above me, so I am not fully inside, but stroking the area behind her clitoris as her lunges take her back and forth, I take her up and down. I place the hand formerly behind her head on her breast above her heart as I push inside all the way to the base. Lying atop and pulsing with her, drinking the sweat from her heaving breasts, I feel her body spasm stiff. Her breathing stops. Heat radiates anew. Boiling liquid envelops me as the floor of her vagina pushes upward without regard to what may be in the way.

A wheezing, staccato gasp before

"UUUUUGGGHHH!"

Then shuddering. Breaths like sobbing but far from it. My mouth slides across hers, tastes from the world adorning her lipstick. Saliva pools briefly as her head is frozen. I slurp it from her mouth greedily and ingest the poison meant to make me her helpless victim. In the words of I Speak Machine, she is as good as this world gets.

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Midnight locks trail whimsy across our faces. Having smoked exotic cigarettes, both recently purchased and from her personal stash, we have fed our ensuing appetites with the majority of what was left on the stained wooden table, often passing morsels between our mouths, pushed with our searching tongues. There is a violent light intruding from her sole unshuttered window. Something outside is on fire. Something large. Sirens. Every time her eyes stray to the thick, old-world panes the purest hatred transmutes them to weapons lethal and torturous. This makes her real to me in a way human-shaped monsters could never be.

While standing, I set her on the edge of the scratched surface of the table. Recognizing my intention, her right arm gently slides the items aside that might get in the way. It is a huge banquet surface, sturdy, matching the pews on its length. We both stare towards the unchecked but unseen blaze, then at each other. The music has stopped playing. A grandfather clock counts eleven times from beside the door.

"For tomorrow we may die."

She tastes alive, visceral, powerful, healthy. Tracing her vulva lightly while soaking

her with my slobbering desire, I insert my tongue fully in her vagina, holding breath, slowly laying it flat against all sides while sliding in and out for air. Arms wrapped around her legs tightly, forbidding unwanted movement, I use my fingers above to lift the hood of her clitoris as I cup my tongue completely around it. She protrudes enough that I have a firm grasp on it and can slide ever so slightly back and forth when I am not using the flattened back of my tongue. Unlike most women, she is not interested in jerking away at the cusp of orgasm, much to my and my admittedly strained muscles' relief. Relaxing my grip, she uses both hands to pull the back of my shaved head into her closer. That is sexy - unrestrained want and the audacity to fulfill it. By the rusted chimes of eleven-thirty she has climaxed three more times, ultimately laying fully on the tabletop, arms and hands dangling over the edges. Sliding her forward, I bury my tongue as far as it will go in her anus, which at first clasps shut and pushes me out, but with coaxing welcomes me in for a very loud orgasm ricocheting off the wall across the apartment, her head facing almost entirely in that direction.

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Gulping the wine and ale, my as of yet unnamed (I haven't told her mine either) lover of life and its finest pleasures demonstrates blowing smoke rings. Retrieving a bag of cherries from her vintage, non-self defrosting refrigerator, she proceeds to drunkenly snap every stem into pieces while insisting she can tie them in knots. When she laughs the dimming flares outside turn the blue of natural gas jets. Alternating with the candles, it creates an extremely slow toy Viewmaster 3D experience. It is midnight. Her building is not on fire, though a car or something similarly sized was at the intersection.

She sucks me into her mouth with force, not all the way in, indeed showcasing a strength remarkable with every tensor involved. As I am not a coy amateur, neither is she. She knows exactly where a man is most sensitive, forcefully rolling her tongue from front to back against the underside, an inch or so from the tip. It is my mission to lay my head back against the wall, eyes staring at the ceiling - a mirror of the moon's surface - and concentrate on making sure she does this as long as possible. After a while the rhythm and insistence of my body informs her it is time to change techniques. Finally, she sucks me all the way into her mouth and holds me there, digging her nails into the top of my ass while moving her head upward, creating tension in her throat. Humming low, muffled giggles. Her throat is beginning to spasm around me, first on purpose, then in a more uncontrolled timing. Right before I cum, she pulls backward and milks every drop, still laughing with her mouth full.

Climbing back onto my lap, we embrace and kiss, and eventually I wrap my jacket around us.

The world outside is a horrible place with streets overflowing with hypocrites and

psychopaths, but where we are, only for moments rapidly sliding over one another, none of them can touch us.

This is as close to heaven as one can be in hell.

The quote from I Speak Machine comes from this song

https://youtu.be/VcZzSV2ZeVg?si=HHpoVXYNaKn3p7vJ

Direct links to the inspiration for this story, Dommy Mommy, :

https://onlyfans.com/satansmydaddyrawrxd

https://luvi.fans/satansmydaddyrawrxd

https://www.fanvue.com/satansmydaddyrawrxd

Thank you for reading, as always.